Tells the Facts and Names the Names

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Glow River Glow Of Hanford's Leaks and Plumbers

By Jeffrey St Clair

The outback of the Hanford Nuclear Reservation in eastern Washington State is called the T-Farm, a rolling expanse of high desert sloping toward the last untamed reaches of the Columbia River. The T stands for tanks, huge single-hulled containers buried some fifty feet beneath basalt volcanic rock and sand holding the lethal detritus of Hanford's fifty-year run as the nation's H-bomb factory.

Those tanks had an expected lifespan of 35 years; the radioactive gumbo inside them has a half-life of 250,000 years. Dozens of those tanks have now started to corrode and leak, releasing the most toxic material on earth, plutonium and uranium-contaminated sludge and liquid, on an inexorable path toward the Columbia, the world's most productive salmon fishery and the source of irrigation water for the farms and orchards of the Inland Empire, centered on Spokane in eastern Washington.

Internal documents from the Department of Energy and various private contractors working at Hanford reveal that at least one million gallons of radioactive sludge has already leaked out of at least 67 different tanks. Those tanks and others continue to leak and that the leaks are getting much larger.

One internal report shows the results from a borehole drilled into the

(**Hanford** *continued on page 2*)

A Primer on PTSD
The Thing They Will Always Carry

By MARC LEVY

VA Shrink: Were you in Vietnam?
Vietnam Vet: Yes.
VA Shrink: When were you there?
Vietnam vet: Last night.

I'm kneeling. Tears streak my face, drip down, fall to earth. It's only my second time in combat. Soon I'll be different. Soon revenge for our dead and wounded will meld with fear, and I will help with the killing and the killing will help me. We're just regular grunts: we make too much noise, we have no special skills, we're not elite. But after a time we get the hang of this war, the rhythm of it. Wait. Engage. Disengage. We call it contact, or movement. We psych ourselves up. "Time to kick ass and take names," we say. And between contact and kicking ass or having our asses kicked there is tension that starts small, then builds and builds until we secretly pray it will happen. That we walk into them or them into us, or we mortar them or they rocket us, then the tension explodes like perfect sex, and afterwards... we're spent. There are days, weeks nothing happens, then terror, instant and deep, then relief, like paradise, since the killing is done and we have buried away the wounded and dead. Until it starts all over again.

That was thirty-seven years ago. Or was it last night? A day, a year, twenty years home from war you may begin to act strange. The shrinks, social workers, group therapists, clinical researchers, each has a different take on what causes PTSD.

"It's neurolinguistic. It's cognitive. It's biochemical", they chime and chatter.

Who cares? Just stop the pain. Just stop it.

But where does that pain come from? What's going down?

Here is what I know: what you learn in combat you do not easily forget. You drop at the first hint of an ambush falling so fast your helmet still spins in the air. You shoot first and ask questions later. The enemy is an unfeeling slippery bug to be stomped out. You live like an animal. You learn to like killing. Learn to fear and hate the enemy. Hate civilians. Can't trust the bastards. You hate taking prisoners. You'd rather kill them.

Why? Because the enemy wants to fuck you up. Kill you, your pals, some new guy doesn't know jack shit, wants to waste your Lieutenant, the whole damn platoon.

After a time you learn what war is: the fish like iridescent gleam inside a brainless head; the sleek white caterpillar of pulsing human gut; the grotesque tableau of charred bodies frozen stiff; the impossible music made by voices howling beyond human form; pure white bones piercing ruby ripped flesh; the strange oily feel of blood; the sudden slump of the man next to you. The business of flies on the mouths of the dead.

After a time, to a supernatural degree you learn to live with terror, rage, struck down sorrow, blocked out guilt or dumb struck grief. Yes, the supernatural threat of catastrophe and the ways to survive it become preternaturally normal, second nature, a fully formed part of you.

Then one day you get shot, or if you are lucky, complete the tour, return home intact. But for those who have seen their share the equation might go like this: Johnny got his gun + Johnny marches home = HEEEREE'S JOHNNNNY!!!!

And the good soldier John or the good troop Jane, who under fire never once thought

(**PTSD** *continued on page 3*

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ground between two of Hanford's largest tanks. Using gamma spectrometry, geologists detected a fifty-fold increase in contamination between 1996 and 2002. The leak from those tanks, and perhaps an underground pipeline, was described as "insignificant" a decade ago. Six years later that radioactive dribble had swelled up into a "continuous plume" of highly radioactive Cesium-137.

Obviously, there's been a major radioactive breach from those tanks. But to date the Department of Energy has refused to publicly report the incident, even though it was reported by their own geologists.

A few hundred yards away, a tank called TY-102, the third largest tank at Hanford, is also leaking. Radioactive water is draining out of this single-hulled container and a broken subsurface pipe into what geologists call the "vadose zone", the stratum of subsurface soil just above the water table. In a secret 1998 report, the Grand Junction Office of the DOE detected significant contamination 42 to 52 feet below the surface and concluded in a memo to Hanford managers that the "high levels of gamma radiation" came from "a subsurface source" of Cesium-137, which likely resulted from leakage from tank TY-102".

This alarming report was swiftly buried by Hanford officials. So too was the evidence of leakage at tanks TY-103 and TY-106. Instead, the DOE publicly declared that portion of the tank farm to be "controlled, clean and stable".

No surprises here. The long-standing strategy of the DOE has been to conceal any evidence of radioactive leaking at Hanford, a policy that was excoriated in an 1980 internal review by the department's Inspector General, which concluded that "Hanford's existing waste management policies and practices have themselves sufficed to keep publicity about possible tank leaks to a minimum."

Needless to say, the Reagan years didn't augure a new forthrightness from the people who run Hanford. Seven years and several congressional hearings after the Inspector General's report was released, bureaucratic cover-up and public denial were still the DOE's operational reflex to any disturbing data bubbling up out of Hanford's boreholes. By 1987, Hanford officials had learned an important lesson in the art of concealment. The easiest way to avoid bad press and public hostility was to simply stop monitoring sites that seemed the most likely to produce unpleasant information.

The faster migrating radioactive contaminants, such as uranium, will move from the groundwater beneath Hanford's plateau to the Columbia in about 25 years.

It is now clear that the tanks began leaking as early as 1956, only a few years after the Atomic Energy Commission began pumping the poisonous sludge into the giant subterranean containers. It is also clear that the federal government covered up evidence of those leaks since the moment it learned of them.

How many tanks are leaking? How far has the contamination spread? The DOE isn't talking. It isn't even looking for answers. But geologists estimated that the faster migrating contaminants, such as uranium, will move from the groundwater beneath Hanford's central plateau to the Columbia in something around 25 years. That means that the first traces of radiated water could have started seeping into the Columbia in 2001.

This reckless strategy persists. In a document called "Official Characterization Plan of Hanford", essentially a kind of 3-D map of contamination at the site, the DOE chose not to include Cobalt-60, a highly radioactive material that is present at deep levels across the tank farm. In addition, the Hanford plan fails to mention the fact that its own surveys have shown large amounts of Cesium-137 and Cobalt-60 forming radioactive pools in the geological stratum called the plio-pleistocene unit, the last barrier between Hanford's soils and water table.

If the DOE remains locked onto this course it will never acknowledge or even investigate the potentially lethal flow of radioactivity toward the great river of the West. That's because the managers of Hanford say they will only research potential leaks if they detect a level of contamination several times higher than that ever recorded at Hanford, a standard clearly designed to shield them from ever having to pursue any subsurface leak investigation or publicly admit the existence of such leaks.

To help Hanford's managers avoid ever discovering such embarrassing leaks, the site plan calls for them to drill the penetrometer holes, through which contamination is measured, only to a depth of 40 feet – or two feet above the bottom of the tanks, guaranteeing that they will avoid picking up any radioactive traces from the region of the most dangerous contamination.

There's a reason Hanford's managers want the public to believe that most of the contamination at the site is limited to the surface terrain. Theoretically, the topsoil can be scooped up and, with large government contracts, transferred to a more secure site or zapped into a glass-like substance through the big vitrification center now under construction. There's no way to de-contaminate groundwater or the Columbia River. Their only hope for containment is to contain the issue politically by plumbing the leaks from

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Editors
Alexander Cockburn
Jeffrey St. Clair

Business
Becky Grant
Deva Wheeler

Assistant Editor
Alevtina Rea

Counselor
Ben Sonnenberg

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CounterPunch
PO Box 228
Petrolia, CA 95558
1-800-840-3683 (phone)
counterpunch@counterpunch.org
www.counterpunch.org

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of your civil rights, your silly flag, your doofus politics, Good Johnny or Jane, I say, feel and act a tad differently when the locked down feelings, bottled up memories, instinctive behaviors of Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (fervently, unexpectedly kick in. The symptoms of PTSD, in plain bloody English, are as follows:

Flashbacks: seeing and feeling a combat event as if it were happening right now.

Hyper Vigilance: being always on guard, always looking for where the next shot, next grenade, next rocket, ambush or IED will come next.

Survivor Guilt: feeling bad, feeling real shitty for having survived, where others in the platoon or squad didn't.

Moral Guilt: wrestling with actions one did or did not take on one or more than one occasions.

Startle Reflex: dropping, flinching, turning fast at a sudden noise or unexpected touch.

Suicidal Ideation: thinking of killing oneself.

Fear of Emotional Intimacy: combats often won't let anyone get close to them. If someone gets too close, the vet backs off or pushes them away.

Employment: a lot of vets can't keep a job. Every couple of months quit or get fired.

Psychic Numbing: not have the ability to feel emotions. Vets talk about feeling hollow, blank, empty.

Denial: Problems? What problem? I don't have a fuckin' problem.

High Risk Behavior: doing daredevil stuff to re-live the rush of combat.

These symptoms are normal responses to extraordinary events outside the range of normal human experience. Most civilians are clueless about combat and its aftermath.

Some types of treatment.

The talking cure: a vet talks to a therapist who is skilled in treating war stress and is not a paid bullshitter.

Group therapy: seven to ten vets meet once a week for an hour or two. A good group leader is essential. That person knows when to talk, when to listen, how to keep the vets focused. Otherwise, group therapy can get lame fast.

You live like an animal. You learn to like killing. Learn to fear and hate the enemy. Hate civilians. Can't trust the bastards. You hate taking prisoners.

Homicidal Ideation: thinking of killing people. Friends or complete strangers.

Homicidal Rage: anger way out of proportion to an everyday event. It comes quick, down and dirty.

Sadness, depression, anxiety, crying spells: Staring into space, saying nothing.

Nightmares: violent dreams related to combat. Sometimes it's the same dream. Some vets make strange noises. Thrash in bed. Wake up scared, or sweaty.

Ritual Behavior: at night checking the lights, locking the doors, maybe keeping a weapon at hand.

Alienation: a vet feels as if no one understands him, doesn't fit in, feels as if he or she should have never returned.

Panic Attacks: for a short time the combat vet becomes suddenly and intensely afraid. He or she sweats, breathes hard, has a pounding heart, might get dizzy, choke.

Social Isolation: staying alone for long periods of time. Or in public saying very little. To the point of being noticeably very quiet.

Drug and alcohol abuse: whatever works to dull the pain glowing inside one's head.

EMDR (Eye Movement Desensitization and Reprocessing): a form of hypnosis in which the vet is fully awake.

Exercise. Meditation. Meds. A friend who will just listen. An artistic endeavor. One other thing. This is real important: a lot of vets fear talking about war. They fear losing control. Breaking down. Crying. My advice to those who have seen combat: face yourself. Chances are good you will learn to live less in the past, more in the present, but you will never be the same. WW II, Korea, Panama, Vietnam, Iraq, Afghanistan, Central America, wherever you were, whatever you did in war will always be with you. Always. CP.

Mark Levy served with Delta Company 1/7 First Cavalry Division as an infantry medic in Vietnam and Cambodia in 1970. His decorations include the Combat Medic Badge, Silver Star, two Bronze Stars for Valor, Air Medal, Army Commendation Medal. He was court martialed twice and received a General Discharge. He can be reached at landmarc@mindspring.com

(**Hanford** *continued from page 3)*

whistleblowers.

There's no question that the subsurface leakage is serious, extensive and dangerous. The secret survey of Hanford by the Grand Junction Office detected high levels of C-137 deeper than 100 feet below the surface – and 60 feet deeper than the current plan calls for probing. That report concluded that both C-137 and CO-60 had "reached groundwater in this area of the tank farm".

Consider this. C-137 is a slow traveling contaminant. How far have faster moving radioactive materials, such as uranium, spread? No one knows. No one is even looking.

The DOE and Hanford's contractors want to close down the C Quadrant of the tank farm and declare it cleaned up, even though more than 10 per cent of the waste at that site remains in tanks with documented leaks. There is mounting evidence that a plume of tritium-contaminated sludge has recently penetrated the groundwater there as well.

John Brodeur is one of the nation's top environmental engineers and a world-class geologist. In 1997, after a whistleblower at Hanford disclosed evidence that the groundwater beneath the central plateau had been contaminated by plumes of radioactivity, Hazel O'Leary commissioned Brodeur to investigate how far the contamination had spread.

It proved to be a nearly impossible assignment since the DOE and its contractors had taken extreme measures to conceal the data or avoid collecting it entirely.

Now, nearly ten years later, Brodeur has once again been asked to assess the situation at one of the most contaminated sites on earth, this time for the environmental group Heart of the Northwest. His conclusions are disturbing.

"There remains much that we don't know about the subsurface contamination plumes at Hanford," says John Brodeur. "The only way to solve this dilemma is to identify what we don't know up front and get it out on the table for discussion. This is difficult to do in the chilling work environment where bad data are commonplace, lies of omission are standard practice and people lose their jobs because they disagreed with some of the long-held institutional myths at Hanford." CP

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Millions Shun Tapwater

Bottled Water Madness

By Larry Lack

The bottled water industry is a prime example of why P.T. Barnum, not Adam Smith, should be anointed as capitalism's patron saint. Aside from its usefulness in remote areas during disasters and emergencies, bottled water is an entirely needless affectation. The fears about the safety of public water supplies that its purveyors play on are exaggerated nonsense. But the enormous global bottled water industry built on these false fears undercuts public water, disfigures landscapes, and exposes trusting bottled water consumers to serious health risks.

Hyped by label and advertising images of mountain crags and crystal streams, single serving bottles of plain water (and their flavored and mineral or vitamin-enriched variations) are an omnipresent feature of modern life. Bottled water is less a commodity than a fashion trend. Its hucksters have used advertising to transform their mundane products into icons of health, fitness, youth and beauty, their pushers would have us think, from pristine springs.

In 1990, about two billion gallons of bottled water were sold worldwide. By 2003 more than 30 billion gallons were consumed and sales, which in that year topped $35 billion, have continued to rise. Tens of millions of consumers now shun tap water and rely on bottled water exclusively. For this dubious privilege, according to the Natural Resources Defense Council (NRDC), they pay between 240 and 10,000 times the price of tap water – including ten to fifteen cents per bottle to cover the cost of advertising. Surprisingly, despite all the current outrage over the price of gasoline, most North American consumers are casually forking over more for bottled water – about a buck a quart – than they are for gas.

Approximately one fourth of all bottled water and as much as 40 per cent of that sold in North America is simply municipal tap water run through filters and treated with minerals or other additives. The rest of the bottled water found in stores is pumped from groundwater aquifers many of which have been severely depleted by these water "takings".

Safety testing of bottled water is seldom required or done, but published studies indicate that heavy metals and other toxic chemicals as well as health threatening bacteria are found with surprising frequency in bottled water which, ironically, is marketed based on claims of "purity". Both chemical and bacterial contaminations tend to increase when water is stored in sealed bottles for long periods of time.

Bacteria can get through filtering systems, and, if they are not well managed, these systems themselves may contaminate the water they are meant to purify. A comprehensive 2004 Dutch study found that 40 per cent of 68 commercial mineral waters tested were contaminated with either bacteria or fungi. The study's author warned that bacteria in bottled water could threaten the health of consumers with compromised immune systems and called for more effective regulation of bottled water. A 1993 study published in the *Canadian Journal of Microbiology* and a follow-up study in 1998 found that nearly 40 per cent of the samples of bottled water sold in Canada from 1981 through 1997 contained bacteria in excess of applicable safety standards.

In 1990, about two billion gallons of bottled water were sold worldwide. By 2003 more than 30 billion gallons were consumed and sales, which in that year topped $35 billion, have continued to rise.

Bottled water is responsible for an enormous increase in world production of plastic bottles. Surging sales of bottled water coincided with and may help account for a 56 per cent increase in U.S. plastic resin manufacture in the U.S.A. between 1995 and 2001 (from 32 million tons to over 50 million tons annually). Consuming critical supplies of petroleum and natural gas, plastic bottle factories create and release toxic wastes, including benzine, xylene, and oxides of ethylene into the environment. Toxic and carcinogenic constituents of plastic bottles, such as the phthalates that are used to make some containers flexible, can contaminate their contents during transportation or storage.

In virtually every part of the world discarded water bottles have become a major component of roadside litter. They also swell landfills and release hazardous toxins into air and water when they are burned in backyard barrels or industrial incinerators. Despite the deliberately misleading circled arrows displayed on water bottles, in most places where they are sold single service bottled water containers are neither recycled nor returnable for refunds.

This unsettling information, and a great deal more, is found in a wide-ranging overview of the bottled water business, *In the Bottle, An Exposé of the Bottled Water Industry* (Polaris Institute, Ottawa, 2005). Thanks to its focus on the consequences of treating water as a commodity, *In the Bottle* is being used as a study and action guide by environmental and political groups in Canada, including the Council of Canadians and Kairos, Canada's network of progressive Christians. Authored by the director of the Polaris Institute, Tony Clarke, this initial edition of *In the Bottle* is offered as an early step in what seems to be a long-range strategy. At the end of each chapter Clarke solicits local information and suggestions from readers by posing questions and requesting email feedback.

In the Bottle includes these additional well-documented (no pun intended) facts about the worldwide boom in bottled water:

Nearly one-fifth of North Americans use bottled water exclusively for their daily hydration. Canadians consume more bottled water than coffee, tea, apple juice or milk. In the past two decades bottled water sales have exploded and now far surpass sales of soft drinks and nearly all other sources of revenue for the beverage and food conglomerates that dominate the bottled water business.

Four companies – two based in the

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U.S.A., Coca-Cola and PepsiCo, and two in Europe, Nestlé and Danone (the makers of Dannon yogurt) – account for most worldwide sales of bottled water. Nestlé's bottled water brands, including Perrier, Poland Springs, Pure Life, Calistoga and a dozen others, and Danone's Evian, Crystal and other brands, are pumped from natural aquifers in many countries, sometimes resulting in dry wells, regional water shortages, and major protests.

Pepsi's Aquafina (North America's best selling bottled water) and Coke's Dasani are filtered and/or "re-mineralized" municipal tap water. To complicate the corporate picture, under a licensing agreement Coke also markets several of Danone's brands of water, including Evian and Sparkletts, in North America

Bottled water ads, product label language and illustrations are often egregiously misleading. For example, according to the Polaris report, Alaska Premium Glacier bottled water "is drawn from the municipal water system in Juneau, Alaska, specifically, pipe # 111241, which is not a glacier".

In the U.S.A. and Canada, bottled water is subject to far less rigorous testing than tap water. North America's hundreds of water bottling plants (an *In the Bottle* appendix lists 70 of these with their sources of water and the brands they produce) are monitored by public health officials whose numbers are minute. Quoting a 1999 Natural Resources Defense Council report (*Bottled Water: Pure Drink or Pure Hype?*), the Polaris report notes that the U.S. Food and Drug Administration's bottled water regulatory and safety assurance staff then consisted of less than two full-time positions.

As a result, most water bottling plants in the U.S.A. are inspected only about once every five or six years. The Canadian Food Inspection Agency manages to inspect Canada's water bottlers, on average, every three years.

Yet bottled water ad campaigns encourage consumers to question the safety of public tap water, which in developed countries is constantly monitored and held to strict standards that many bottled waters could not meet.

In addition to exposing the pattern of irresponsible practices of the big four players in the bottled water business, *In the Bottle* makes a compelling case for keeping public water public. It also informs its readers on the pitiful employment record of the $12 billion North American bottled water behemoth, which in 2002 provided just 6,709 mostly low-wage jobs.

As this report for community water activists recounts the damage done by bottled water – including depletion of agricultural aquifers and pesticide contamination of water sold in India (Coke) and subcontracting for slave labor in Burma (Pepsi) – it tempers outrage with accounts of successful educational campaigns and models for corrective action drawn from the home front in the U.S.A. and Canada.

While the report includes lots of useful graphs, pages of footnotes and supporting statistics from many sources, the cascade of information packed into *In the Bottle* cries out for an index. This one defect aside, the Polaris report offers readers ready access to bottled water basics in a magazine-style format that's lively and engaging. Combined with its unique distribution strategy of motivating and empowering community groups, *In the Bottle* may reach and inspire enough readers to produce some useful changes in how communities in North America relate to the water that most of us still take for granted.

In the Bottle's concluding chapter highlights promising measures – mostly requiring effective regulation by government – for reducing the health risks and environmental damage caused by the excesses of the bottled water juggernaut.

Apart from the obvious step we all can take by staying off bottled water ourselves [we were never on it, Editors] and encouraging others to do so, first among the sensible policies *In the Bottle* recommends is adequate funding for rebuilding public water infrastructure.

Future editions of the Polaris report should include an account of the quirky but determined Water Liberation Movement in Germany. Its adherents, after calculating that more than one per cent of Europe's surface waters had been "locked in bottles", invaded supermarkets and convenience stores in groups and poured all the bottled water they could grab into drains, green strips and gutters on the streets outside.

Their hope was that the water they were "liberating" from those bottles would recharge the desiccated water cycle and be on tap to slake the thirst of prodigal humanity while coursing non-commercially to the sea. CP

Eros and Militarization

By Christopher Reed

The sexiest schoolgirls in the world parade down Japanese town and village streets every weekday after class in their micro-mini skirts, exposing tanned legs that are never sheathed in hose, no matter how cold.

The young women (the ones referred to are mostly 16-18) display an ingenuity their adult masters never dreamed of when they adapted the nation's uniforms in the 19th century from military models.

Boys were pushed into constricted, brass-buttoned, high-collared, dark blue tunics and peaked caps borrowed from the Prussian army. The girls were given British sailor collars, complete with the three white bars for Nelson's greatest victories, and these were dark blue, although now skirts are often plaid. The boys soldier on in their outfits, although they are disappearing. But the girls have transformed theirs.

They are known as "kogals" from "gal" and "ko" meaning either little, or a shortened version of "koko", or high school. Their emergence in the mid-1990s electrified onlookers. They sported dyed hair, sometimes almost blonde, garish cos-

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metics, expensive accessories like Versace handbags, and skirts often hiked to just below underwear level.

It was the kogals' alleged after-school activities that caused the real alarm. By using telephone date clubs, and now their ubiquitous cell phones, they allegedly sought out mature and prosperous men for what is known as *enjo kosai*, translated in the blushing Japanese euphemism as "compensated dating".

The media, especially the sensational weekly shukan magazines, went wild with estimates of as many as one in four girls experimenting in enjo kosai, although not necessarily engaging in full sex.

What was going on? Were Japan's female morals, indeed the very future of its womanhood, deteriorating into mass prostitution? Of course not, but the idea was just what right-wingers were waiting for.

The result was a constrictive new law. How and why it was really enacted is discussed in a serious political and sociological book by the American research scholar, David Leheny, *Think Global, Fear Local: Sex, Violence and Anxiety in Contemporary Japan* (Cornell University Press, 2006). He also links the process to Japan's newly emerging militarism and other recent laws exploiting fear to enable the nation to "enhance state authority".

Leheny cleverly shows a connection - in motivation at least - while raising trickier sociological arguments about "international norms" and their unintended results. In both cases, the political right used fears imported from the U.N., in one case, and the U.S.A., in the other, to crack down on freedoms at home.

As the kogals were strutting their stuff, an international debate bubbling up at the U.N.'s International Convention on the Rights of the Child over concerns over male sexual tourism, particularly in Asia, began to embarrass Tokyo.

Japan signed the convention in 1995 but domestic debate raged on over teen morality with the ruling Liberal Democratic Party which establisheda research group in 1997 to frame new legislation. It was passed in 1999 and amended in 2003 under the title Child Prostitution/Pornography Law.

It was a response, said supporters, to "harsh international criticism" of Japan, which in a 1990s estimate accounted for 80 per cent of the world's child pornography. But the law was aimed at enjo kosai in particular".

Japan's age of sexual consent is 13, and anti-prostitution laws are vague. So the schoolgirls' sexual "crimes" remained unidentified. But their general behavior, with its implicit snub to adult authority, continued to be highly visible and consequently under attack. Meanwhile Japanese men took their golf clubs to Phuket, dumping them in airport lockers upon arrival.

From 1999 to 2003, the National Police Agency proceeded with "five cases" of Japanese overseas child sex. Meanwhile, arrests for domestic prostitution under the new statute rose from 613 in 2000 to 1,200 in 2004. "Creeping authoritarianism endangering individual rights," as Leheny says, had successfully manipulated a new international legal standard irrelevant to the condemned behavior.

A similar bait-and-switch tactic occurred after 9/11, which fundamentally changed how Japan approached international terrorism. Previously this approach had defied American-British insistence on "no negotiations" with terror kidnappers and hostage takers, and it paid ransoms in several cases.

But rightists wanted more military authority and the new "war on terrorism" provided the opportunity. Under this guise Japanese hawks, headed by Prime Minister Junichiro Koizumi, "moved closer to global norms on counter-terrorism," Leheny writes, "by connecting fears that many citizens had... of foreign criminals."

New laws were introduced. The most important was the "emergency" legislation allowing Japan's Self-Defense Agency (military forces) to enter the 2003 Iraq war, its first visit to combat since its constitutional renunciation of war after 1945. The Japanese troops were not to shoot. But it was a huge step and, to the rightists' glee, finally engaged Nippon as a "normal" fighting nation, although no public majority supported it at the time.

Leheny concludes: "Child prostitution and terrorism were two cases in which international norms became crucial tools for those trying to enhance the Japanese state's authority." CP

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